

# LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 2. NO. 45

West Liberty, Morgan County, Kentucky, Thursday, April 18, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 97

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. J. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. Waugh, Com'th Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner, J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Com'r.

County Court: On Second Monday in each month.

Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.

Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

I. C. Ferguson, Presiding Judge.

## MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

First District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month.

Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fourth District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fifth District—Frank Kennard, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Eighth District—Franklin Walter, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

County Officers.

Judge—I. C. Ferguson.

Attorney—J. P. Haney.

Sheriff—H. B. Brown.

Treasurer—W. M. Gardner.

Clerk—J. H. Sebastian.

Surveyor—M. P. Turner.

Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fugett.

Deputy G. W., Jno M. Perry.

West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month, N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds its regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

J. P. HANEY,

County Attorney,

GENERAL PRACTICE,

OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE,

West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER,

LAWYER,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Office in

Commercial Bank Building

RYLAND C. MUSICK,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

JACKSON, KY.

State and Federal practice. Commercial and civil litigation carefully handled.

COTTE & HOVERMALE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Clan N. Cisco.

S. Monroe Nickell.

NICKELL & CISCO,

LAWYERS,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE

Wanted! A Goodly share

of your trade.

G. M. HANEY,

(Big Red)

Representing—

DAVID ADES

Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings,

Lexington, Ky.

## Titanic Goes Down

1200 Lives Believed to be Lost.

The White Star liner, Titanic, the largest steam ship in the world, collided with an iceberg off the coast of Newfoundland on the morning of April 15th, and sank within four hours after the collision. It is believed that less than 1000 of the 2,200 persons aboard were saved.

The Titanic cost \$10,000,000, was a veritable floating palace, and this was her initial voyage.

## Lime For Agricultural Purposes

Much interest is being manifested in the use of lime and limestone on sour soils. The larger portion of our cultivated soils are either acid or contain only a small amount of carbonate of lime (limestone.) For best results on such soils it is necessary to use lime in some form. The nitrogen gathering plants (clovers, alfalfa, etc) do not grow well on acid soils, hence it is difficult to keep up the nitrogen supply of the soil under such conditions. The organisms which render the nitrogen of the soil available do not work well in the absence of the carbonate of lime, hence the non-nitrogen gathering plants do not make their best growth. There is an almost universal opinion that soils derived from limestone rock contain sufficient carbonate of lime. This is not true. Such soils are very apt to be deficient in limestone because the rains dissolve it out. The pure limestone the more readily it is dissolved. Caves and sinkholes in limestone regions are due to water dissolving away the rock.

Raw ground limestone is the best material to use. Burnt lime corrects sourness, but it is also a powerful soil stimulant.

causes a rapid loss of the organic matter and nitrogen of the soil.

The best test to determine whether limestone is needed is to prepare two plots of equal size and seed to clover or alfalfa, using ground limestone on one at the rate of 4 or 5 tons per acre, and weighing the yields of hay. The use of limestone on the Experiment Station farm increased the yield of alfalfa hay from 2060 lbs. per acre to 3640 lbs. per acre the first cutting.

Ground limestone should be applied at the rate of three or four tons per acre in the beginning and one ton per acre every 4 or 5 years thereafter. It is best to apply it after the ground is broken and thoroughly disk or harrow it in.

If burnt lime is used about half this amount of the fresh burnt material should be applied, but it should be thoroughly slaked before application. Under the circumstances we would not recommend burnt lime if the ground limestone can be obtained. Where there is a good demand for ground limestone it is usually delivered on cars at plant for a dollar or less per ton, in car load lots in bulk.

Geo. ROBERTS, Agronomist, Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station.

## A Card

The members of the West Liberty Athletic Association wish, through the columns of the COURIER to express their appreciation to the ladies of West Liberty for their kindness and liberality in providing boxes for the supper Saturday night. To them in a great measure the success of the supper is due. Ladies we thank you.

## Hawkins Confession

Most interesting true history of an outlaw's life ever written. Full of sound advice to the young. Get a copy of this great book while they last.

For sale at COURIER office

Kelle Elam, of Elam, was in town Tuesday.

## Twenty Greatest Men

List selected by Mr. Roosevelt. Reprinted without permission from the Lookout.

Theodore Roosevelt.  
T. Roosevelt.  
Col. Theodore Roosevelt.  
Col. T. Roosevelt.  
Col. Roosevelt.  
Ex-Pres. Theodore Roosevelt.  
Ex-Pres. T. Roosevelt.  
Ex-Pres. Roosevelt.  
T. R.  
Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.  
Mr. T. Roosevelt.  
Mr. Roosevelt.  
Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.  
Hon. T. Roosevelt.  
Teddy the Great.  
Editor Roosevelt.  
Teddy Roosevelt.  
Bwana Tumbo.  
Next President Roosevelt.  
MEI—Satire.

Wm. Lewis, of Elamton, this county, better known as "Rebel Bill" Lewis, was in town Monday to make application for a Confederate pension. It is surplusage and unnecessary to say that an ex-Confederate is a good citizen. Mr. Lewis brought in a clipping from an extra edition of the People's Press, published at Salem, N. C., and dated April 23, 1865, containing the following farewell address of General Lee:

HEAD Q'RS ARMY NORTHERN VA. April 10, 1865.

General Order, No. 9.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have

valued and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past service have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, General.

## Elected Chairman

At a meeting of the Republican Committee of Morgan county at the court house Saturday April 13, Dr. H. V. Nickell was elected chairman and Judge A. N. Cisco Secretary. Dr. Nickell and Judge Cisco were endorsed for these positions by the Republican county convention which met April 6th.

## Clara Barton dead

Miss Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross society, died at Glen Echo, Md., the 12th inst., at the age of 90 years.

At last Jackson is to have a public school building. The contract has been awarded for a \$20,000 structure. Our neighbor never does things by half, and though late about it, will have a modern public school house.

Pleasant Holbrook, of Redbush, representing J. H. Miller & Co., Queensware, Huntington, W. Va., was interviewing our merchants Wednesday.

Calling, business and professional cards at this office.

## Notice to Taxpayers!

All persons who have not paid their 1911 taxes are hereby notified that your property will be levied on and sold at the May term of the Morgan County Court.

This is the last notice and this means YOU if you have not paid.

YOU know whether you have paid your taxes or not, and therefore you must come in and pay. This is positively the last call. I have paid your taxes for you, and must and will have my money.

H. B. BROWN, Sheriff.

The following persons will take notice that H. B. Brown, Sheriff of Morgan county, Ky., on the 12th day of February, 1912, sold their respective tracts of land for the amounts set opposite their names for taxes due the county and State for the year 1911.

Chaney, John	\$ 7.92
Harber, George M.	9.20
Day, Willie	9.20
Fannin, Nancy A.	3.11
Keeton, H. C.	11.13
Lykins, R. M.	2.79
Lykins, W. F.	4.09
McMath & Kelly	7.86
Murphy, J. E.	7.86
Short, Chas.	3.44
Thompson, Henry & Co.	7.96
Union Coal Co.	14.42
Vaughn, I. N.	7.96
Williams, R. Ney	10.55
Patterson, Sarah N.	4.73
Williams, Elizabeth	20.48
Allen, J. L.	7.31
Smith, Mart	6.32
Howard, Lan	4.90
Helton, S. V.	6.21

Respectfully,

J. P. HANEY, County Attorney M. C.

## Local and Personal.

We want your job work.

It pays to advertise in the Courier.

W. C. DeHaven, of Henry, was here Monday.

B. J. Elam, of Elam, was in town Monday.

R. M. Smith, of Jephtha, was here Monday.

Call at this office for old papers. 25 cents per 100.

C. C. May, of Henry, was a Saturday visitor.

Dennie Caskey, of Lenox, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Wiley Pelfrey, of Elamton, is reported sick.

Old papers for sale at this office 25 cents per 100.

Dr. S. R. Collier was at Lexington last week on business.

Come in and get that job we did for you some time ago.

Dr. J. T. Nickell, of Cannel City, was a Sunday visitor.

Harlan McClain, of Lenox was in town one day last week.

Go to Womack's for the newest and cheapest goods in town.

Fliott Williams, of Dingus, was in town on business Tuesday.

Oliver Henry, of Caney, was here on business one day last week.

H. C. McClain, of Loveland, was a business caller at our office Monday.

John Herton representing

Gregg, of Pennsylvania, in an argument in the House in favor of parcels post, said recently:

It is true that for years the express companies have been preying upon the people of the country who have had occasion and necessity to ship packages and parcels over their routes. It is also true that these express companies have made fabulous sums from their business. The revelations made in the Interstate Commerce Commission investigation into the conduct of the express business are astounding. For instance, it was discovered that the earnings of one company from the time of its formation to the time of the hearings had been \$508,153,930, and in that time it had distributed dividends amounting to \$43,500,000, yet it practically began business without a cent of actually invested capital. The interstate Commerce Commission, in its second annual report on the statistics of express companies in the United States for the year ended June 30, 1910, shows that the net operating revenue of the 13 companies covered by its report increased from \$12,294,008 in 1909 to 24,508,280 in 1910, a gain of \$2,214,272, or 18.01 per cent. I only offer these figures at this time for the purpose of showing that if the Federal Government undertakes to go into this business of a general parcels post—and it can do so at a profit—it will practically wipe out any deficit in the Post Office Department. But why should the United States Government, by condemnation proceedings or by contract of sale with these express companies, take over their franchises, rights, and properties?

Phil Gose, of Cannel City, was a business caller at our office Saturday.

O. J. McKenzie had a fine mule killed by lightning last Friday night.

H. C. Swango, of White Oak, visited his brother-in-law, J. A. Lacy, this week.

Charley Bowling left Monday for Heidelberg, where he will be located temporarily.

Esq. E. W. Day and Geo. Stacy, of Grassy Creek, were in the city on business Saturday.

Wallace Kennard, who has been at work on the Kentucky Mountaineer, at Salyersville, is at home.

D. R. Keeton J. M. Elam and H. G. Cottle went fishing Thursday and caught—well you know about fishermen's stories.

Little Miss Mildred Gevedon is the proud possessor of a fine pony and runabout which her father purchased for her at Catlettsburg recently.

Mr. Luther Stamper and Miss Oma Roberts were quietly married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Saturday night, Rev. J. R. Wheeler officiating.

A wedding at an unusual hour happened in our town Tuesday morning. At about 3 a. m., Eld. J. R. Wheeler was called from his bed to perform the ceremony that made Kellum Fannin and Miss Fannie Spence man and wife. The wedding was very quiet.

The refulgent rays of the April sun beamed brightly in our sanctum Tuesday morning, and nature seemed all that loveliness could make it, but a greater radiance was to shine upon us; greater beauty than the balmy sunlight reflecting the glory of silent nature. Misses Mon Walsh, Maud Howard and Della Cassidy paid us a visit.

Our JOB WORK is the best.

Miss Lula Belle Manker has become a true disciple of Izaak Walton. Also, she made good on first trial. On last Thursday afternoon she and others hied themselves to what is commonly known as "the deep hole" a half mile below town, arriving there about 1 o'clock P. M. and taking a position which had been passed up by a dozen other anglers during the day, she at once began to land 'em. None of your affair what she said or did when she caught the first one. Remember this was the first time she had ever gone fishing.

Well to shorten the story, long before the sun disappeared behind the western hills she had landed 15 beauties, not all large ones of course, but far above the average catch. Nine of them were suckers averaging 10 or 11 inches in length. This is no fish story in the common acceptance of the term, but rock ribbed truth, as several living witnesses will testify.

Not necessary to ask what the others caught.

Mrs. Mattie Womack announces that she has just received a complete line of Misses and children's trimmed and ready-to-wear hats, the most complete ever exhibited in West Liberty. Qualities and prices to suit the trade. Examine her line before buying elsewhere. — Womack's store.

We tender on thanks to Misses Della Cassidy, Fleta and Mary Hovemale for assistance rendered in addressing the paper the two last issues. The help they rendered enabled us to make the early mail Thursday morning.

B. M. Carr and W. D. Reed, of Index called in to see us Friday. Mr. Reed informed us that he had sold his home to J. H. Day and would start to Illinois soon to look for a future location for a future

Mrs. Will May and Mrs. Carpenter, of Salyersville, mother and sister of Mrs. D. R. Keeton were at the bedside of the latter, who is very ill, last week.

CORRESPONDENTS, sign your true name to your manuscript and for God's sake, if you have no other news than visits between neighbors don't write.

We are prepared to furnish any and all kinds of cards and hand bills advertising horses, bulls or jacks. Give us a call and examine our work.

D. R. Keeton just gotten in a new soda fountain. He also has a house full of good ice. There will be no excuse for suffering from heat this summer.

It's no joke nor guess-work; you can get better goods for less money from our advertisers than you can from the merchant who doesn't advertise.

Base ball score cards, with names of team, printed at this office. We have a number of W. L. score cards printed and in stock.

S. D. Hamilton, prominent merchant of Logville, was in town Monday and while here ordered the COURIER sent to his address.

Mrs. Ralph Fitzpatrick, of Prestonsburg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. W. Womack, this week.

Deputy Circuit Clerk, J. D. Lykins, is still confined to his room with rheumatism.

W. S. Kash, of Ezel, was calling on the West Liberty grocers Tuesday.

H. W. Vest, of Bonny, was in the city on business Tuesday.

Remember Mrs. Womack has the latest styles in millinery.

Mrs. Dorsa Keeton is reported better this week.

Jas. A. Lacy's condition remains serious.



# LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued Thursdays by The Morgan County Publishing Co. Incorporated.

Terms—One Dollar a year in advance

H. G. COTTLE, EDITOR.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITAKER of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL, of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. McCLURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democrat party.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. OLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Late to bed,  
Early to rise,  
Trade with the men  
Who advertise.

Who can weigh an unkind word?

The dog that barks last barks best.

It's a wise guy that knows his own mind.

A sinner is a sinner, but a hypocrite is both.

Better to raise a laugh than to raise hell.

Many a married man has a chaperon in his wife.

Gradually the people are getting hold of the reins of rulership.

How much honest labor has pretty white hands cost the world?

The prosecutors of the Beef Trust seem to have the wrong steer.

God pity the man who is afraid to be what he really wants to be.

The best, the truest the most practical religion: the Golden Rule.

Democrats agree with "T. R." that it would be very unwise to elect Taft.

doing what you have done a thousand times yourself.

Not every one who toots a tin horn on terra firma will strum on a golden harp after they have crossed the dark river.

"Woman is the divinest thing in all creation," says William Watson, the English poet. But she will smash widows, Billy.

Turn the searchlight on your own soul before you wear out your moral X-ray machine trying to find fault with the other fellow.

We hope there is no insult intended in the statement of a New York library which includes "African Game Trials" as among the "works of fiction."

The man who invented the expression that old ties are best, probably took a look at some of his Christmas gifts in April to see if he could possibly wear 'em.

Wouldn't it beat the Jews if Teddy were to defeat Taft for the presidential nomination? No, he can't do that with all the federal patronage behind the president, but what Uncle Champ will do for him in November will be a plenty.

We have heard of several different kinds of itches and irritations, one of which is supposed to hang on and annoy its victims for seven consecutive years, but there is one kind of itch which is more loathsome than leprosy and absolutely incurable—"Meddlers itch."

You can't unscramble scrambled eggs, nor unlimber a limberger cheese.

For heaven sake give "Teddy" a rest. With all his faults he is as good as president Taft.

Don't flatter yourself with the idea that because you are as good as somebody else you are alright.

We are repeatedly asked the question: Is so and so a candidate for such and such an office? We don't know unless we see their announcement in the COURIER. So we can give no information.

It's about time for the Kentucky Republicans to quit howling: "Music Hall Convention." Never in the history of the State, in any political party were such high-handed and disgraceful methods resorted to as were used by the Taft supporters in the county and district conventions last week.

If the people of Morgan county had any adequate conception of the amount of money that is sent away from home, each year for meat, grain and hay they would stand appalled. And why all this drain? These things could be produced at home. Not only that but a surplus could be raised each year. Will the people ever awaken to their own interests.

It is reported that the express companies charged the flood sufferers at Hickman, Ky., \$820.00 for carrying tents furnished by the government during the recent flood. How does that strike you?

Sorry for poor express companies since the parcel post proposition has been haunting their dreams? For the "land sakes," we are—poor things.

Some people seem to be possessed of the idea that the sidewalk proposition is a dead one. Well, it looks that way to a person up a tree, but there will be a resurrection one of these days and—Well, the property owners who opposed the bond issue will wish they "hadn't dun it," that's all.

Paste this in your hat, Mr. man, who fought the sidewalk proposition, and tell us about when you find out we are wrong.



## THE RECALL.

Whatever else may be said of Roosevelt, it can not be denied that he is a man of learning and a thinker. In Roosevelt the politician we forget Roosevelt the scholar. And in the bitterness of politics those in the spotlight will hardly be correctly estimated. Partisans of a man attribute to him virtues which he does not possess, and opponents ascribe to him vices to which he is a stranger. The meteoric career of Roosevelt, attended as it has been by his spectacular acts, make it difficult to determine what the real Roosevelt is.

However, he has set all the animals in the capitalistic menagerie roaring by advocating a theory that, while not new for the first time espoused by a man prominent in either of the dominant parties. The capitalistic press, as usual when any thing threatens to loosen the stranglehold of organized wealth from

the throats of the people, are only a few of the many revivified in their denunciation of both Roosevelt and the idea of the recall of judicial decisions. And with characteristic mendacity it proceeds to "enlighten" the public by deliberately misrepresenting the ex-President and refusing to state his real contention.

Briefly, Roosevelt advocates the recall of judicial decisions involving constitutional questions. He would have it so that if the court of final resort passes upon a matter of construction of the constitution affecting the people, and decides adversely to the interests of the masses as it did in the income tax case and as it regularly does, the people could recall that decision and reverse it. And why not? No constitution, nor amendment to a constitution, can be made operative until the people vote it into effect. If the masses of the people are capable of adopting a constitution, why, in the name of reason, are they not intelligent enough to construe it? The theory of our government is that the officers, both great and small, are servants of the people and hold their offices at the will of those they serve. Before the American experiment of popular government was tried kings ruled under claim of Divine right to rule. Holding that the masses were too ignorant to know what was best for them. And so strong is party prejudice, the so dominant the tendency toward hero-worship, in the average American citizen, that when his "rulers" say to him: "You are too damned ignorant to know what you want, and don't dare to criticize MY acts," the citizen-sovereign passes over the insult to his intelligence and forthwith goes forth to spread the intelligence that he is a fool.

I have failed thus far to perceive a halo 'round the judicial head. I have observed, however, that the ermine sometimes covers a corrupt soul. Judicial acts should be open to criticism and subject to reversal by the people when wrong. A court is

more. For it to arrogate to itself the role the public's mentor is to exceed its scope. If the people are incompetent to choose the laws they want, it were better to abandon the farce of free government and become a monarchy. It is easier to judge measures than men. Roosevelt may be a charlatan, four-flusher and mountebank, but he trusts the people. Taft says the people are not to be trusted, and the slogan of his campaign is: "Vox postmasters, vox populi!"

## The Chief Function of the Christian Ministry.

(Graduating Address, delivered at Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago, by Willmore Kendall.)

Never in the history of the church were the duties of the Christian minister so varied and numberless as today. If the twentieth century pastor were endowed with a hundred hanes, like the hekatoncheires in the mythic lore of Greece he would still be part of his work. When Jesus first established a sacred ministry for the care and expansion of the church, he assigned to it but one task large enough as he believed not realizing that labor and prayer are always prerequisite to effective preaching, at once began to require other service of its ministry. But the first heralds of the faith refuse to scatter their energies by assuming any other responsibilities than that imposed upon them by their divine master. They said to their parishioners, "It is not fit that we should forsake the word of God and serve tables." If the successors of the apostles had only followed this wise example, the minister would never have become, as he is today the collecting agent for a score of connectional boards, the organizer and director of numberless church societies, circulation promoter for various religious periodicals, the one member of the finance committee of his own church, and by way of climax, a masterful politician under the direction of the Anti-Saloon League. All of these forms of service—and they

in the church? On the contrary they are often men of less than ordinary ability for such tasks. But they are men who pour all the rich abundance of a great man's strength into their public ministrations. They are men who tarried in the quiet chamber of meditation and prayer until the thoughts of God have been burned into their lives, until their very voices have come to vibrate with those divine accents which fall on broken hearts like the dews of summer nights on drooping roses. It is of no consequence that these men have neglected those tasks which absorb the time of their brother pastors; for under the inspiration of their preaching, laymen have come forward to perform those tasks far more successfully than the minister

It is evident that the preacher must determine which is the most important of all these tasks and then must be content, for the sake of that paramount duty, to neglect the rest. And what is this highest duty of the Christian pastor? Standing upon this rostrum six weeks ago, President F. J. McConnell, of Depaw University declared, "There are two things which every minister must put before all else: the public preaching from his pulpit and private ministrations in the homes of his people." Even between these two there must sometimes be a choice and then, without doubt, the first place must be given to the pulpit; for it is in the public proclamation of the message of Christ that the preacher finds his distinctive task. To be sure this position has been questioned: It has been maintained that no congregation can be greatly influenced by the mere delivery of two thirty minute sermons each week. I. But let those who offer this objection consider the influence of Christian preaching in the history of the world. It was the preaching of the word by Paul, the converted persecutor of the faith which laid in the vast domain of sinful and idolatrous Rome, the foundation of that celestial kingdom of righteousness and truth, besides whose world-wide conquests the paltry triumphs of the Caesars fade into insignificance. It was the preaching of the word in the golden eloquence of John Chrysostom which transformed the city of Antioch, that Paris of the ancient world corrupted by vice and the love of name's pleasures into a city kneeling in penitence and tears at the feet of the merciful Christ. It was the preaching of the word in the fervent enthusiasm of Peter the Hermit and Bernard of Clairvaux which taught Europe

the selfishness of the dark ages in a sincere desire to wretch the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracen unbeliever. It was the preaching of the word by the prophetic lip of Savonarola which delivered Florence from the sway of the tyrannical de Medici's the first truly republican government in the annals of human history. It was the preaching of the word by the Saxon monk of Wittenburg which brought to a sudden end the thousand year night of papal superstition, and filled the earth with the golden dawn of the renaissance. And the preaching of the word it was, here in America by Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, and many another man of kindred mind and heart which filled the North with that divine impatience that broke the shackles from five million negro bondmen in the South, and forever banished the institution of human slavery from the land of the stars and stripes.

II. But again let those who doubt the supreme value of the pulpit consider the opportunity for service which it offers, as compared with other forms of pastoral work. In pastoral visitation he preacher meets his people one by one and find them often in an unapproachable and an unresponsive mood. But standing in his pulpit, he meets them by the hundred, and they are gathered before him to worship God and to hear God's message for themselves. Now! Now! if only he has prepared himself by prayerful meditation for this hour, he may pour the hundred-fold life of his congregation into the burning crucible of his own heart, and stamp it anew with the likeness of Christ, and send it forth, sanctified and glorified for every day living of the coming week. What other form of ministerial service can afford such an opportunity as this?

III. But finally let any who would make preaching subordinate to any to any other function of the Christian pastor, consider the men who stand in the forefront of the ministry today. It is their work as organizers and financiers that has brought them to places of boundless opportunity

could have done. Inspired by their words men are coming voluntarily to lay their silver and gold upon the altars of the church. Constrained by their earnest portrayal of the love of Christ, prodigals who have wandered far from the life divine, are yielding their hearts to the Father's call and hastening to accept the purity and peace which comes thru faith in Christ. Still, as in the days of Paul, God is redeeming a sin-cursed world thru the foolishness of preaching; and the class of 1912 goes forth to share this divinest task that was ever committed to human hands, rejoicing to say with the apostles: "We will give ourselves continually to the ministry of the word of God and to prayer."

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If you have been paying too much for your goods elsewhere and need anything to be found in a modern, up-to-date store call on me and be convinced that I sell cheaper than anyone in town. It costs you nothing to investigate. Come and see.  
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"Try Cardui," writes Mrs. Z. V. Spell, of Hayne, N. C. "I was in a very low state of health, and was not able to be up and tend to my duties. I did try Cardui, and soon began to feel better. I got able to be up and help do my housework. I continued to take the medicine, and now I am able to do my housework and to care for my children, and I feel as though I could never praise Cardui enough for the benefits I have received."

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Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 135

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Anything made with Type on Paper

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# The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who  
Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado  
BY  
CYNTHIA TOWNSEND  
BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Rose,"  
"The Island of Regeneration," "The  
Boring Man," "Horns and the High  
Way," "The Sea and the Sky," etc.

Illustrations by Elsworth Young

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## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Edith Maitland, a frank, true and unselfish young Philadelphian, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protégé, falls in love with her.

CHAPTER II.—His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer.

CHAPTER III.—Edith hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help.

CHAPTER IV.—Kirby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Edith a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's person. She reads the letters and at Kirby's request keeps them.

CHAPTER V.—While Edith is bathing in the river in a beautiful solitude, a bear appears on the bank and is about to plunge into the water to attack the girl when a shot rings out and the animal is killed by a strange man.

CHAPTER VI.—Edith is caught in a storm which whips out her party's camp. She is drenched and her clothes are ruined. The strange man who shot the bear finds her unconscious and carries her to shelter.

CHAPTER VII.—Members of the camping party realize that Edith lost the letter which she had taken with her to the mining institute a frantic search for the missing girl.

CHAPTER VIII.—No trace of her is found and word is telegraphed to her father. James Armstrong is taking the father for Edith's land when the telegram arrives expressing the belief that the girl is dead. Armstrong says he will find her, and Maitland agrees to their marriage if he succeeds.

CHAPTER IX.—Edith regains consciousness in the hut of the man who had rescued her from the bear, and she dresses her foot which had been severely injured.

CHAPTER X.—The girl spends a fairly comfortable night, but her host in the next room a restless one as he lives over days that are gone. He has some secret in his life.

CHAPTER XI.—Morning finds Edith refreshed and ready for the substantial breakfast the man has prepared for her.

CHAPTER XII.—Her rescuer goes in search of Edith's party, but returns at nightfall alone and unsuccessful. In his absence she discovers books which show him to be a man of education.

CHAPTER XIII.—Edith finds that she must remain in the mountain until her foot is better. The mountain trail is impassable, or permit her companion to leave her alone for a week while he goes in search of help. She decides to have him remain with her.

CHAPTER XIV.—A whole month passes before Edith's foot is thoroughly well, and in the meantime she discovers a letter which makes herself a little as possible on her home.

CHAPTER XV.—The man comes to a realization of his love for her, but naturally in that strange solitude the relations of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strained.

CHAPTER XVI.—Edith discovers the writer of the letters to Newbold's wife to have been James Armstrong. Newbold decides to start on the settlement for help.

CHAPTER XVII.—The man is racked by the belief that he is unfaithful to his wife's memory, and Edith is tempted to tell him of the letters in her possession.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Armstrong, accompanied by Kirby and Robert Maitland, start out on a systematic search for some trace of Edith. They find in the Newbold cabin had left in the deserted cabin, and know that the girl is in his keeping.

"Mornin', old man," drawled Kirby. "Howdy, Armstrong, my respects to you, sir," he said, shaking his voice a little as he bowed respectfully toward Mr. Stephen Maitland, a very sympathetic look in the old frontiersman's eyes at the sight of the bearded face.

"Kirby, you've come in the very nick of time," at once began Robert Maitland.

"Allus glad to be Johnny-on-the-spot," smiled the older man.

"Armstrong here," continued the other, intent upon his purpose, "says he can't wait until the spring and the snow melt, he is going into the mountains now to look for Edith."

Kirby didn't love Armstrong. He didn't care for him a little bit, but there was something in the bold hardness of the man, something in the way which he met the reckless challenge of the mountains that the old man and all the others felt that moved the inmost soul of the hardy frontiersman. He threw an approving glance at him.

"I tell him that it is absurd, impossible, that he risks his life for nothing, and I want you to tell him the same thing. You know more about the mountains than either of us."

"Mr. Kirby," quavered Stephen Maitland, "allow me. I don't want to influence you against your better judgment, but if you could sit here as I have done, and think that maybe she is there, and perhaps alive still, and in need, you would not say a word to deter him."

"Why, Steve," expostulated Kirby Maitland, "surely you know I would risk anything for Edith. Somehow, it seems as if I were being put in the selfish position by my opposition."

"No, no," said his brother. "It isn't that. You have your wife and children, and this young man—"

"Well, what do you say, Kirby? Not that it makes any difference to me what anybody says. Come, we are wasting time," interposed Armstrong, who now that he had made up his mind, was anxious to be off.

"Jim Armstrong," answered Kirby, decidedly. "I never thought much of you in the past, and I think much of you now that I see this project of yours, that I'm entitled to call you a damn fool, which you are, and I'm another, for I'm going into the mountains with you."

"Oh, thank God!" cried Stephen Maitland fervently.

"I know you don't like me," answered Armstrong. "That's neither here nor there. Perhaps you have cause to dislike me, perhaps you have not. I don't like you any too well myself, but there's no man on earth I'd rather have go with me on a quest of this kind than you, and there's my hand on it."

Kirby shook it vigorously.

"This ain't committin' myself," he said cautiously. "So far as I'm concerned, you ain't good enough for Miss Maitland, but I admire your spirit, Armstrong, and I'm goin' with you. Tain't no good, I won't produce nothin', most likely we'll never come back again, but just the same, I'm goin' along. Nobody's goin' to show me the trail. My nerve and grit, when it comes to helpin' a young female like that girl, is as good as anybody's, I guess. You're her father," he drawled, on turning to Stephen Maitland, "and I ain't no kin to her, but, by gosh, I believe I can understand better than any one else here what you are feelin'."

"Kirby," said Robert Maitland, smiling at the other two, "you have gone clean back on me. I thought you had more sense. But somehow I guess it's contagious, for I'm going along with you two myself."

"And I, cannot I accompany you?" pleaded Stephen Maitland, eagerly drawing near to the other three.

"Not much," said old Kirby promptly.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Robert Maitland.

"You called me a fool, Kirby," said Armstrong, his eyes gleaming. "What do you think of it now?"

"It's the fools, I find," said Kirby slyly, "that generally gets there. Providence seems to be a watchin' over 'em."

"You said you chanced on this paper, Jack," continued Maitland. "It looks like the deliberate intention of Almkjy Gud."

"I reckon so," answered the other, simply. "You see he's got to look after all the fools on earth to keep 'em from doin' too much damage to themselves an' to others in this yere crooked trail of a world."

"Let us start now," urged Armstrong.

"Tain't possible," said the old man, taking another puff at his pipe, and only a glancing of the eye betrayed the joy that he felt; otherwise his phlegmatic calm was unbroken, his demeanor just as undisturbed as it always was. "We'd best throw away our lives a-wanderin' round these yere mountains in the dark. We've got to have light, an' clear weather. Ef it should be snowin' in the mornin' we'd have to wait until it cleared."

"I won't wait a minute," said Armstrong. "At daybreak, weather or no weather, I start."

"What's your hurry, Jim?" continued Kirby, calmly. "The girl's safe; one day more or less ain't goin' to make no difference."

"She's with another man," answered Armstrong quickly.

"Do you know this Newbold?" asked Maitland, looking at the note again.

"No, not personally, but I have heard of him."

"I know him," answered Kirby quickly. "An' you've seen him too, Bob; he's the fellow that shot his wife, that married Louise Rosser."

"That man!"

"The very same."

"You say you never saw him, Jim?" asked Maitland.

"I never never met him," said Armstrong, flushing suddenly; "but I knew him well."

"Yes, you did that—" drawled the old mountaineer.

"What do you mean?" flushed Armstrong.

"I mean that you knowed her, that's all," answered the old man with an innocent air that was almost childlike.

When the others woke up in the morning Armstrong's sleeping bag was empty. Kirby crawled out of his own warm nest, opened the door and peered out into the storm.

"Well," he said, "I guess the damn fool has beat God this time. It don't look to me as if even He could save him now."

"But we must go after him at once," urged Maitland.

"See for yourself," answered the old man, throwing wide the door. "We've got to wait 'til this wind dies down, unless we give the Almighty the job o' lookin' after three instead o' one."



"I'm Goin' into the Mountains With You."

ly. "You ain't got the stren'th, ol' man. You don't know them mountains, nuther. You'd be helpless on a pair o' snow shoes; there ain't anything you could do, you'd best be draggin' us out. Without sayin' a word about myself, which I'm too modest for that, there ain't three better men in Colorado to tackle this job than Jim Armstrong, an' Bob Maitland an'— Well, as I said, I won't mention no other names."

"God bless you all, gentlemen," faltered Stephen Maitland. "I think, perhaps, I may have been wrong, a little prejudiced against the west. You are men that would do honor to any family, to any society in Philadelphia or anywhere else."

"Lord love ye," drawled Kirby, his eyes twinkling. "There ain't no three men on the Atlantic seaboard that kin match up with two of us yere, to say nothin' of the third."

"Well," said Robert Maitland, "the thing now is to decide on what's to be done."

"My plan," said Armstrong, "is to go to the old camp."

"Yep," said Kirby, "that's a good point of departure, as my seafarin' father down Cape Cod way used to say; an' we'st next."

"I am going up the canon instead of down," said the man, with a flash of inspiration.

"That ain't no bad idea, nuther," assented the old man. "We looked the ground over pretty thoroughly down the canon. Mitho we can find something up it."

"And what do you propose to take with you?" asked Maitland.

"What we can carry on the backs of men. We will make a camp somewhere about where you did. We can get enough husky men up at Morrison who will pack in what we want, and with that as a basis we will explore the upper reaches of the range."

"And when do we start?"

"There is a train for Morrison in two hours," answered Armstrong. "We can get what we want in the way of sleeping bags and equipment between now and then, if we hurry about it."

"Ef we are roin' to do it, we might as well git a move on us," assented Kirby, making ready to go.

"Right," answered Robert Maitland grimly. "When three men set out to make fools of themselves, the sooner they get at it and got over with it the better. I've got some business matters to settle. You two get what's needed, and I'll bear my share."

A week later a little band of men on snow shoes, wrapped in furs to their eyes, every one heavily burdened with a pack, staggered into the clearing where once had been pitched the Maitland camp. The place was covered with snow, of course, but on a shelf of rock half way up the hogback, they found a comparatively level clearing, and there, all working like heavers, they built a rude hut which they covered with canvas and then with tightly packed snow, and which would keep the three who remained from freezing to death. Fortunately they were favored with a brief period of pleasant weather, and a few days served to make a sufficiently habitable camp. Maitland, Kirby and Armstrong worked with the rest. There was no thought of search at first; their lives depended upon the erection of a suitable shelter, and it was not until the helpers, leaving their burdens behind them, had departed, that the three men even considered what was to be done next.

"We must begin a systematic search tomorrow," said Armstrong decisively, as the three men sat around the cheerful fire in the hut.

"Yes," assented Maitland. "Shall we go together, or separately?"

"Separately, of course. We are all hardy and experienced men. Nothing is apt to happen to us. We will meet here every night and plan the next day's work. What do you say, Kirby?"

The old man had been quietly smoking while the others talked. He smiled at them in a way which aroused their curiosity and made them feel that he had news for them.

"While you was puttin' the finishin' touches on this yere camp, I come across a heap o' stuns that somehow the wind had swept baro, there was a big rift in front of it which kep' us from seein' it afore; it was built up in the open yere there was no trees, an' in our lumberin' operations we wasn't lookin' that a-way. I came across it by any chance an'—"

"Well, for God's sake, old man," cried Armstrong, impatiently, "what did you find, anything?"

"This," answered Kirby, carefully producing a folded scrap of paper from his leather vest.

Armstrong fell on it ravenously, and as Maitland bent to him, they both read these words by the firelight.

"Miss Edith Maitland, whose foot is so badly crushed as to prevent her traveling, is safe in a cabin at the head of this canon. I put this notice here to reassure any one who may be seeking her as to her welfare. Follow the stream up to its source."

"WM. BERKELEY NEWBOLD."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Robert Maitland.

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Everybody in the mining camp had supposed that Newbold had wandered off and perished in the mountains, else Armstrong might have pursued him and hunted him down. The sight of his name on that piece of paper was outward and visible evidence that he still lived. It had almost the shock of a resurrection, and a resurrection to hatred rather than to love. If Newbold had been alone in the world, if Armstrong had chanced upon him in the solitude, he would have hated him just as he did, but when he thought that his ancient enemy was with the woman he now loved, with a growing intensity beside which his former resentment seemed weak and feeble he hated him yet the more.

He could not tell when the notice, which he had examined carefully, was written; there was no date upon it, but he could come to only one conclusion. Newbold must have found Edith Maitland alone in the mountains very shortly after her departure, and he had had with him in his cabin alone for at least a month. Armstrong grieved his teeth at the thought. He did not undervalue the personality of Newbold. He had never happened to see him, but he had heard enough about him to understand his qualities as a man. The fact that he had found Edith Maitland was a strong one, but the tie by which he held her to him, if indeed he held her at all, was very tenuous and easily broken; perhaps it was broken already, and so he hated him still more and more.

Indeed, his animosity was so great and growing that for the moment he took no joy in the assurance of the girl's safety; yet he was not altogether an unfeeling man, and in calmer moments he thanked God in his own rough way that the woman he loved was alive and well, or had been when the note was written. He rejoiced that she had not been swept away with the flood or that she had not been lost in the mountains and forced to wander on feebly to starve and freeze and die. In one moment her nearness caused his heart to throb with joyful anticipation. The certainty that at the first flush of day he should seek her again sent the warm blood to his cheeks. But those thoughts would be succeeded by the knowledge that she was with his enemy. Was this man to rob him of the latest love as he had robbed him of the first? Perhaps the hardest task that was ever laid upon Armstrong was to lie quietly in his sleeping bag and wait until the morning.

So soon as the first indication of dawn showed over the crack of the door, he slipped quietly out of his sleeping bag and without disturbing the others drew on his boots, put on his heavy fur coat and cap and gloves, slung his Winchester and his snow shoes over his shoulder and without stopping for a bite to eat, softly opened the door, stepped out and closed it after him. It was quite dark in the bottom of the canon, although a few pale gleams overhead indicated the near approach of day. It was quite still, too. There were clouds on the mountain top heavy with threat of wind and snow.

The way was not difficult, the direction of it, that is, Newbold's going very difficult at first; the snow was frozen and the crust was strong enough to bear him. He did not need his snow shoes, and, indeed, would have had little chance to use them in the narrow, broken, rocky pass. He had slipped away from the others because he wanted to be first to see the man and the woman. He did not want any witnesses to that meeting. They would have come on later, of course; but he wanted an hour or two in private with Edith and Newbold without any interruption. His conscience was not clear. Nor could he settle upon a course of action.

How much Newbold knew of his former attempt to win away his wife, how much of what he knew he had told Edith Maitland, Armstrong could not surmise. Putting himself into Newbold's place and imagining that the engineer had possessed entire information, he decided that he must have told everything to Edith Maitland as soon as he had found out the quasi relation between her and Armstrong. And Armstrong did not believe the woman he loved could be in any body's presence a month without telling something about him. Still, it was possible that Newbold knew nothing, and that he told nothing therefore.

The situation was paralyzing to a man of Armstrong's decided, determined temperament. He could not decide upon the line of conduct he should pursue. His course in this, the most critical emergency he had ever faced, must be determined by circumstances of which he felt with savage resentment he was in some measure the sport. He would have to leave to chance what ought to be subject to his will. Of only one thing he was sure—he would stop at nothing, murder, lying; nothing, to win the woman, and to settle his score with that man.

There was really only one thing he could do, and that was to go on up the canon. He had no lack of far it might be or how long a journey he would have to make before he reached that shelf on the high hill where stood that hut in which she dwelt. As the snow flies, it could not be a great distance, but the canon zigzagged through the mountains with as many curves and angles as a lightning flash. He plodded on, therefore, with furious haste, recklessly speeding over places where a misstep in the snow or a slip on the icy rocks would have meant death or disaster to him.

He had gone about an hour, and had perhaps made four miles from the camp when the storm burst upon him. It was now broad day, but the sky was filled with clouds and the air with driving snow. The wind whistled down the canon with terrific force. It was with difficulty that he made any headway at all against it. It was a local storm;

if he could have looked through the snow he would have discovered calmness on the top of the peaks. It was one of those sudden squalls of wind and snow which rage with terrific force while they last, but whose rage was limited, and whose violent duration would be short.

A less determined man than he would have bowed to the inevitable and sought some shelter behind a rock until the fury of the tempest was spent, but there was no storm that blew that could stop this man so long as he had strength to drive against it. So he bent his head to the fierce blast and struggled on. There was something titanic and magnificent about this iron determination and persistence of Armstrong. The two most powerful passions which move humanity were not in his service; love led him and hate drove him. And the two were so intermingled that it was difficult to say which predominated, now one and now the other. The result of the two forces, however, was an onward move that would not be denied.

His fur coat was soon covered with snow and ice, the sharp needles of the storm cut his face wherever it was exposed. The wind forced its way through his garments and chilled him to the bone. He had eaten nothing since the night before, and his vitality was not at its flood, but he pressed on, and there was something grand in his indomitable progress. Excelsior!

Back in the hut Kirby and Maitland sat around the fire waiting most impatiently for the wind to blow itself out and for that snow to stop falling through which Armstrong struggled forward. As he followed the windings of the canon, not daring to ascend to the summit on either wall and seek short cuts across the range, he was sensible that he was constantly rising. There were many indications to his experienced mind; the decrease in the height of the surrounding pines, the increasing rarity of the icy air, the growing difficulty in breathing under the sustained exertion he was making, the quick throbbing of his accelerated heart, all told him he was approaching his journey's end.

He judged that he must now be drawing near the source of the stream, and that he would presently come upon the shelter. He had no means of ascertaining the time. He would not have dared to unbuckle his coat to glance at his watch, and it is difficult to measure the flying minutes in such scenes he thought through which he passed, but he thought he must have gone at least seven miles in perhaps three hours, which he fancied had elapsed, his progress in the last two having been frightfully slow. Every foot of advance he had had to fight for.

Suddenly a quick turn in the canon, a passage through a narrow entrance between lofty cliffs, and he found himself in a pocket or a circular amphitheater which he could see was closed on the farther side. The bottom of this enclosure or valley was covered with pines, now drooping under tremendous burdens of snow. In the midst of the pines a lakelet was frozen solid; the lake was covered with the same dazzling carpet of white.

He could have seen nothing of this had not the sudden storm now stopped so precipitately almost as it had begun. Indeed, accustomed to the grayness of the snow fall, his eyes were fairly dazzled by the bright light of the sun, now quite high over the range, which struck him full in the face.

He stopped, panting, exhausted, and leaned against the rocky wall of the canon's mouth which here rose sheer over his head. This certainly was the end of the trail, the lake was the source of the frozen rivulet along whose rocky and torn banks he had tramped since dawn. Here, if anywhere, he would find the object of his quest.

Refreshed by a brief pause, and encouraged by the sudden stilling of the storm, he stepped out of the canon and ascended a little knoll whence he had a full view of the pocket over the tops of the pines. Shading his eyes from the light with his hand as best he could, he slowly swept the circumference with his eager glance, seeing nothing until his eye fell upon a huge broken trail of rocks projecting from the snow, indicating the ascent to a broad shelf of the mountains across the lake to the right. Following this he saw a huge block of snow which suggested dimly the outlines of a hut!

Was that the place? Was she there? He stared fascinated and as he did so a thin curl of smoke rose above the snow heap and wavered up in the cold, quiet air! That was a human habitation, then. It could be none other than the hut referred to in the note. Edith Maitland must be there; and Newbold!

The lake lay directly in front of him beyond the trees at the foot of the knoll, and between him and the shore that led up to the hut. If it had been summer, he would have been compelled to follow the water's edge to the right or to the left; both journeys would have led over difficult trails, with little to choose between them, but the lake was now frozen hard and covered with snow. He had no doubt that the snow would bear him, but to make sure he drew his snow shoes from his shoulder, slipped his feet in the straps, and sped straight on through the trees and across it like an arrow from a bow.

In five minutes he was at the foot of the giant stairs. Kicking off his snow shoes, he scrambled up the broken way, easily finding in the snow a trail which had evidently been passed and repassed daily. In a few moments he was at the top of the shelf. A hard tramped path ran between high walls of snow to a door!

Behind that door what would he find? Just what he brought to it, love and hate, he fancied. He usually find on the other side of doors no more and no less than what he brought to them. But whatever there was there was no hesitation in Armstrong's course. He ran toward it, laid his hand on the latch, and opened it.

What creatures of habit we are! Early in that same morning, after one vain attempt again to influence the

W. S. Bailey, McCrery, Ky., is willing to verify his statement as given here with. He says: "My wife had a severe attack of Lagrippe that terminated in bronchitis. She coughed as tho' she had consumption, could not sleep and her medicine gave no relief. She was advised to take Foley's honey and Tar Compound she continued using it until she had taken three bottles which effected a permanent cure. For sale by all druggists."



He Scrambled Up the Broken Way.

woman who was now the deciding and determining factor, and who seemed to be taking the man's place, Newbold, ready for his journey, had torn himself away from her presence and had plunged down the giant stair. He had done everything that mortal man could do for her comfort; wood enough to last her for two weeks had been taken from the cave and piled in the kitchen and everywhere so as to be easily accessible to her; the stores she already had the run of, and he had fitted a stout bar to the outer door which would render it impregnable to any attack that might be made against it, although he saw no quarter from which any assault impended.

Edith had recovered not only her strength, but a good deal of her nerve. That she loved this man and that he loved her had given her courage. She would be fearfully lonely, of course, but not so much afraid as before. The month of immaturity had dissipated any possible apprehensions on her part. It was with a sinking heart, however, that she saw him go at last.

They had been so much together in that month; they had learned what love was. When he came back it would be different, he would not come alone. The first human being he met would bring the world to the door of the lonely but beloved cabin in the mountains—the world with its questions, its inferences, its suspicions, its denunciations and its accusations! Some kind of an explanation would have to be made, some sort of an answer would have to be given, some solution of the problem would have to be arrived at. What these would be she could not tell.

Newbold's departure was like the end of an era to her. The curtain dropped; when it rose again what was to be expected? There was no comfort except in the thought that she loved him. So long as their affections matched and ran together nothing else mattered. With the solution of it all went her sadly beating heart she was still supremely confident that love, or God—there was not so much difference between them as to make it worth while to measure the one rather than the other—would find the way.

Their leave taking had been singularly cold and abrupt. She had realized the danger he was apt to incur and she had exacted a reluctant promise from him that he would be careful.

"Don't throw your life away, don't risk it even, remember that it is mine," she had urged.

And just as simply as she had enjoined it upon him he had promised. He had given his word that he would not send help back to her but that he would bring it back, and she had confidence in that word. A confidence that had been inclined to break his promise would have made it absolutely impossible. There had been a long clasp of the hands, a long look in the eyes, a long breath in the breast, a long thrush in the heart and then—farewell. They dared no more.

Once before he had left her and she had stood upon the plateau and followed his vanishing figure with anxious troubled thoughts until it had been lost in the depths of the forest below. She had controlled herself in this second parting for his sake as well as for her own. Under the ashes of his grim repression she realized the presence of live coals which a breath would have fanned into flame. She dared nothing while he was there, but when he shut the door behind him the necessity for self-control was removed. She had laid her arms on the table and bowed her head upon them and shook and quivered with emotions unrelieved by a single tear—weeping was for lighter hearts and less severe demands!

His position after all was the easier of the two. As of old it was the man who went forth to the battlefield while the woman could only wait passively the issue of the fight. Although he was half blinded with emotions he had to give some thought to his progress, and there was yet one task to be done before he could set forth upon his journey toward civilization and rescue.

It was fortunate, as it turned out, that this obligation detained him. He was that type of a merciful man whose mercies extended to his beasts. The poor little burrow must be attended to and their safety secured so far as it could be, for it would be impossible for Edith Maitland to care for them. Indeed he had already exacted a promise from her that she would not leave the plateau and risk her life on the icy trails with which she was so unfamiliar.

(Continued next week)

JAS. M. ELAM,  
Watchmaker &  
Jeweler,  
WEST LIBERTY, KY.  
Repairing promptly done.  
All work guaranteed.

O. F. HENRY,  
WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY,  
REPRESENTING  
HUTCHINSON STEVENSON HAT  
COMPANY,  
Wholesale Hatters,  
Charleston, S. C. : : West Va.  
YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

One of the best points in favor of Foley Kidney Pills is the comfort and relief they give to aged people. Mrs. R. D. McGee, 301 East 5th St., Owensboro, Ky., is in her 78 year and says: "I heard of Foleys Kidney Pills and began taking them and they commenced to act at once, and today my Kidney and bladder trouble is all gone." For

It Looks Like A Crime  
to separate a boy from a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's pimples, boils, scratches, knocks, sprains and bruises, scalds, or cuts is his right. Keep it handy for boys, also girls. Heals everything healing and does it quick. Unequalled for piles. Only 25 cts. at all druggists.

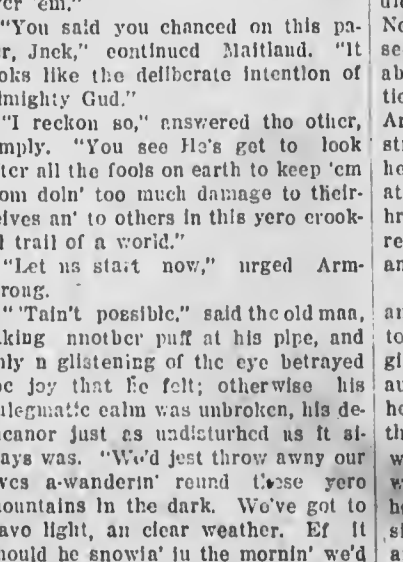
Notice of Sale of Telephone Franchise.  
Under and by virtue of an Ordinance adopted by the Board of Trustees of the Town of West Liberty, Kentucky, at its regular meeting held on April 2, 1912, authorizing and directing a sale of a telephone franchise in the town of West Liberty, Kentucky, for the purpose of erecting telephone poles and wire in said town and connecting with a telephone line at Lenox, Kentucky, and maintaining and operating a system of telephones within the corporate limits of said town for a period of twenty years, I, the undersigned, will on Saturday, April 27, 1912, at 1 o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House in the town of West Liberty, Kentucky, proceed to offer said franchise for sale to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand. The bidder for said franchise will be required to put up as a forfeit with the Commercial Bank of West Liberty, the sum of \$100.00, to be returned, however, upon condition that he builds and completes said telephone line and has same in operation within said town within 90 days from the date of the granting of said franchise. The right to reject any and all bids is hereby expressly reserved.

JOHN M. COTTLE, T. M.

The Danger After Grip  
lies often in a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often followed an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering try them. Only 50 cts. Sold and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by all druggists.

Coal Tract for Sale.  
We have a 600 acre tract of coal land in Breathitt county, situated on the O. & K. R. R., that we will sell at a very low figure, if taken soon. We will sell in fee for less than the usual mineral right price. See us and get this bargain.

COTTLE & HOVERMALE.  
Wanted,  
We are still short the following numbers of the COURIER: 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22 and 24. Any one who will send or bring us these numbers will be suitably rewarded.



"What Do You Mean?" Flushed Armstrong.

look to me as if even He could save him now."

"But we must go after him at once," urged Maitland.

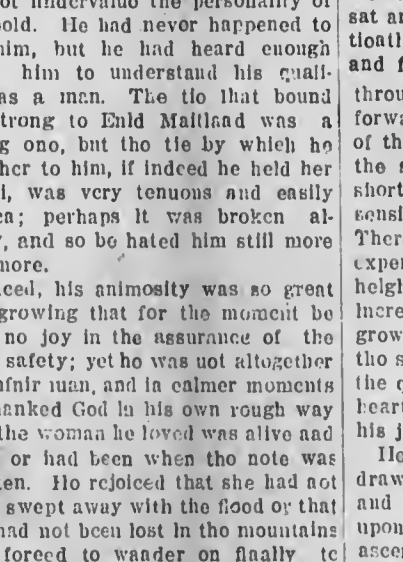
"See for yourself," answered the old man, throwing wide the door. "We've got to wait 'til this wind dies down, unless we give the Almighty the job o' lookin' after three instead o' one."

## CHAPTER XX.

### The Converging Trails.

Whatever the feeling of the others, Armstrong found himself unable to sleep that night. It seemed to him that fate was about to play him the meanest and most fantastic of tricks. Many times before in his crowded life he had loved other women, or so he characterized his feelings, but his passion for Louise Rosser Newbold had been in a class by itself until he had met Edith Maitland. Between the two there had been many women, but these two were the high points, the rest was lowland.

Once before, therefore, this Newbold had cut in ahead of him and had won the woman he loved. Armstrong had cherished a hard grudge against him for a long time. He had not been of those who had formed the rescue party led by old Kirby and Maitland which had buried the poor woman on the great bluff in the deep canon. Before he got back to the camp the whole affair was over and Newbold had departed. Luckily for him, Armstrong had always thought, for he



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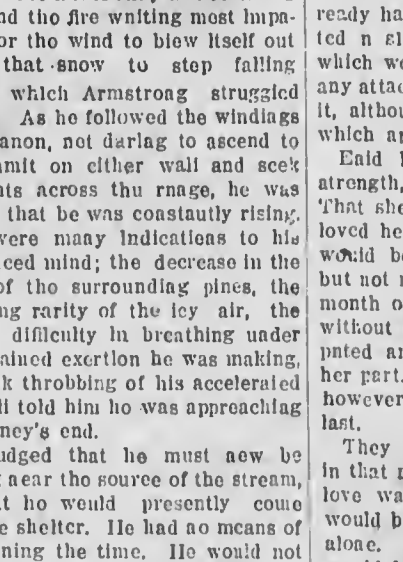
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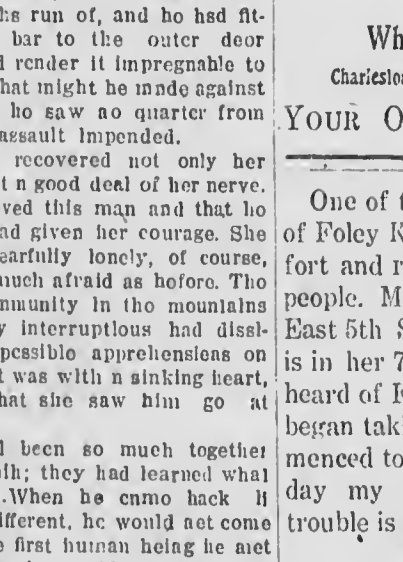
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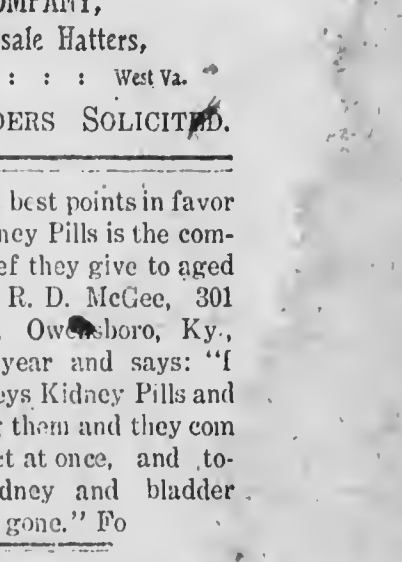
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## CORRESPONDENCE

### To Our Correspondents.

Our space is limited, make your news items brief and to the point. Give the news only and avoid comment. Leave the editorial writing to the editor. Don't moralize, don't gush. Short items of news is what we want. Separate the items. Don't begin one item on the line on which you end another.

### PINE BLUFF

Farmers are elated over the fine weather for the past week, and especially the prospects of having early grass.

Jess Henry has moved to the Flat Woods.

John Roe lost two fine mules last week.

J. O. Cox spent a few days with his grandpa, Jess Henry, in Flat Woods last week.

Mrs. J. R. Henry spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bartley, of Ezel this week.

Miss Lizzie Cox was visiting at Pine Bluff this week.

Dave Lawson and wife, of Murphy Fork, were visiting in this neighborhood last week.

Frank Boyd has returned from Middletown, O., and is at work for John Roe.

Prof. C. C. May has returned from Richmond where he has been attending school for the past three months.

W. P. Henry sold a pair of young mules to J. H. Pugett for \$200.00 one day last week.

The Farmers County Union will be held at the Flat Woods school house April 27th.

### UNCLE ZIP.

### INDEX

The farmers are busy preparing for a crop.

Chester Elam, son of Noah Elam, has typhoid fever.

Miss Lora Henry has scarlet fever.

Cola Noble, while working in the bark woods cut his leg. Dr. B. F. Carter was called in and dressed the wound.

Mrs. Lee Ferguson, who has been confined to her room with Rheumatism, is out again.

The Farmers Educational & Co-operative Union is on a boom in this section. G. S. Greer, organizer, has organized 3 Locals in the last few days. The County Union meets at the Flat Woods school house on the 27th inst.

H. B. Elam has charge of the county infirmary.

W. D. Reed has moved to the H. B. Elam property.

Amos Holliday has bought a part of the Isaac Elam farm.

D. S. Williams has moved to Jones Creek.

Z. T. Pence, of Wolfe county, was here last week.

B. M. Carr went to Licking River station Monday on business.

Preaching at the Sycamore School house Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M. by Deboard and Morris, of Caney.

Fair Play, of Grassy Creek, is somewhat of a knocker himself, if he don't live in Knockersville. But time about is Fair Play.

### PIG HEAD.

### DINGUS

U. S. Fraley and wife visited Mr. Fraley's father, at Relief, Sunday.

J. J. and B. H. Patrick and their better halves were the guests of relatives at Jephtha Saturday.

Since our last writing, Henry Bowling, son of Baily Bowling, died after a brief illness. He leaves a wife and some children.

Mrs. Norah Wheeler, accompanied Ada Fannin, spent Sunday at Crockett. This is Mrs. Wheeler's first visit for some time. She has been confined to her bed most of the time for six months, but enjoys reasonably good health now.

A. J. Williams attended church at Martha Sunday.

Randall Williams has been working at the telephone line from Lenox to West Liberty. Randall is an experienced hand in the telephone business, hav-

ing made it his profession for some time.

Augustus Daniel has moved to Newcomb.

Dan McKenzie and S. B. Reese, of Harmon, are buying timber here and at Jephtha and Alice.

### SLAB.

### Almost A Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Texas, was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to take Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 119 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50 and 1.00. Trial bottle free at all Druggists.

### For Sale.

Two finely bred English Setter pups 10 months old—field broken by Jim Dennis.

Apply to COURIER Office.

Indian Runner Ducks eggs, 1 for 75 cents.

Rhode Island Red eggs, 15 for 65 cents.

Brown Leghorn eggs, 15 for 85 cts. For sale by Mrs. J. D. Henry West Liberty, Ky.

### An Item of Home Interest.

Chas. Gormerly, 207 Maxwell St., Lexington, Ky., has lately been cured of kidney and bladder trouble. He says: "I heard of Foley's Kidney Pills and the good they were doing and after taking them a few days the pain left my back and the tired feeling passed away and I am glad to recommend them. For sale by all dealers."

If you want the most liberal non-forfeitable, participating life policy ever written, see COTTLE & HOVERMALE.

Clarksburg, Ky., W. J. Ballamy, gives particulars of his son's recovery. He says: "My boy had bronchial trouble ever since he was a baby and it gradually grew worse until we feared consumption. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and soon there was such a marked improvement that I got a second bottle and this will, I think make a permanent cure. The first bottle cured his stubborn cough, and I think this wonderful medicine saved my boy's life. For sale at all dealers."

### Two Real Estate Bargains.

We have for sale what is known as the "Uncle Billy Elam" farm on Spaw Creek, one mile east of West Liberty. The farm contains 120 acres, 90 acres of which is well timbered. Good dwelling, good barn and all necessary outbuildings, good well and young orchard. 15 acres of bottom land.

One of the most desirable homes in Morgan County. Will sell cheap on easy terms.

House and lot on Glenn Avenue; large lot, nice new cottage with 4 rooms and hall, plumbed for gas, insurance paid for three years, good well good garden. Also small two room cottage in rear. Barn lot contains 3/4 acres and is separated from residence lot by an alley.

A bargain on easy terms of payment.

COTTLE & HOVERMALE, West Liberty, Ky.



HAMILTON-BROWN SHOES, For Sale by Auty McClain.

## THE BIG STORE

### Gents' Furnishings

The nobbiest makes in the latest patterns in Spring and Summer Clothing. Shirts, ties, hosiery, underwear. Quality the best, prices the lowest. To prove our prices, come and see.

### Ladies' Furnishings

Latest things in Ladies' Furnishings. Underskirts, fancy hosiery in colors. Big line of dress good of the latest patterns. Everything you need at the very lowest prices. Come, see.

## The Home of Low Prices

At this store you'll find anything you need that can be carried in stock in a general store. Dry goods, hardware, provisions, queensware, groceries, furniture, tinware, gas stoves and fixtures, stoves, etc.

Garden Seeds that Grow!

Our policy is give you a dollar's worth for your dollar, to give you the best quality of goods at the least possible price, to give you a square deal. We want trade and our prices merit it. Let us prove it to you.

## Where Quality is the Motto

### Men's & Women's Shoes

Biggest Stock of the best makes of shoes for men, women and children. You can get better values in shoes here than elsewhere. Style, fit, quality and price unequalled in West Liberty.

### Spring Millinery

The newest creations in ladies hats. Shapes and styles right down to now. Ribbons, trimmings and millinery notions. Quality the best, prices lowest. You are cordially invited to examine.

Oxfords, Canvas shoes, white and tan.

## C. W. WOMACK

### Read this if You Like.

We are going to make it easy for any one who wishes to become a subscriber to the COURIER or to pay up their subscription if they happen to be in arrears. Here are a few things we will take on subscription or on old accounts: Bacon, beans, beef, beets, cabbage, chickens, coal, fodder, hay, lard, manure, oats, onions, pork, potatoes, sorghum, sweet potatoes, and in fact anything that we can eat, wear or utilize in any way. If this isn't a fair proposition, someone suggest another one and we will adopt it. We want, and we are going, to make it possible for every body to read the COURIER and for all who owe us to pay up.

### LEXINGTON AND EASTERN

	No. 1	No. 2
	Daily	Daily
By Quickland.....	1.25	1.50
Jackson.....	5.00	5.00
O. & K. Junction.....	1.50	1.50
Albion.....	5.50	5.50
Beattyville.....	6.00	6.00
Torment.....	6.50	6.50
Campton Junction.....	7.00	7.00
Chap. Hill.....	7.50	7.50
L. & E. Junction.....	8.00	8.00
Winchester.....	8.50	8.50
At Lexington.....	8.50	8.50

### EAST-BOUND.

	No. 1	No. 2
	Daily	Daily
By Lexington.....	1.25	1.50
Winchester.....	2.17	2.17
L. & E. Junction.....	2.25	2.25
Chap. Hill.....	3.00	3.00
Campton Junction.....	3.17	3.17
Torment.....	4.01	4.01
Beattyville Junction.....	4.15	4.15
Albion.....	4.32	4.32
O. & K. Junction.....	5.19	5.19
Jackson.....	5.25	5.25
At Quickland.....	5.25	5.25

The following connections are made daily except Sunday.

Train No. 1 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Louisville, Ky. No. 3 will make connection with the L. & N. at Winchester for Cincinnati, Ohio.

Nov. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will connect with the Mount Vernon Central R. R. for passengers to and from Campton, Ky.

Trains No. 1, 2 and 3 will make connection with L. & A. Railway for Beattyville. Trains No. 3 & 4 connect at O. & K. Junction for points on O. & K. R.

### Puts End To Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expell. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25 cts. at all druggists.

### Wanted

To exchange nice building lot in West Liberty for good saddle horse.

H. G. COTTLE.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

## West Liberty Home Telephone Exchange.

### Independent System.



Local and Long Distance.

W. M. Kendall Telephone Co.,

INCORPORATED.

W. M. KENDALL, PRES. and M'GR.

Connection With Long Distance at Morehead.

## Prepare for the "Rainy Day!"

### Start a Bank Account.

Sickness, old age and adversity are liable to come upon you. Prepare for the "rainy day" by laying up a part of your income. Begin to-day by starting a bank account. That makes saving easy. We want to help you save your money. Every business courtesy accorded you.

### Do Business the Safe way.

Capital Stock, \$15,000.  
Deposits, \$60,000.

## COMMERCIAL BANK,

West Liberty, Ky.

S. R. COLLIER, President.

W. A. DUNCAN, Cashier.

W. G. BLAIR, Vice-President.

D. S. HENRY, Asst. Cashier.

## BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE!

### We are the LIVE WIRES in Real Estate!

If you don't see what you want advertised here, call on us, or write to us. We can suit you in town or farm property.

If you have property to sell, list it with us.

West Liberty offers splendid opportunities for investment. A live, growing town, good school, natural gas, surrounding territory good farming, near vast coal deposits, on Licking river.

Property steadily advancing in price. Let us serve you.

We have a number of residence properties in town, all well located and well improved. We can only mention a few in this ad. If you are seeking either town or farm property you will find that we can supply you. We have the best.

List No. 129. Large business lot, Main street, nearly opposite Court House. Known as the Mazy property. Best business location in town.

List No. 117. House and two-acre lot in West Liberty. Ten room house newly built and finely finished, gas, outbuildings, etc. Garden large and would make a fine market garden.

List No. 71. A splendid farm, short distance from town. Consists of 75 acres, six-room residence, barn, outbuildings, good orchard. Cheap if sold quickly.

List No. 106. A one-acre lot just out of town, three room cottage and outbuildings. Big bargain.

## COTTLE & HOVERMALE, West Liberty, Ky.

## Store Department

## Kentucky Block Cannel Coal Co., CANNEL CITY, KY.

Will be pleased to supply merchants with Flour, Salt, Oil, Mill Feed, etc.

We also handle a complete line of General Merchandise for the Retail Trade. Also the best Farm Wagon to be had, and can make you close prices.

J. S. O'ROARK, Manager.

## WINCHESTER BANK, WINCHESTER KY

Capital and Surplus \$300,000  
Deposits over Half Million  
Solicits Your Accounts  
Correspondence Invited

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.  
W. R. SPAR, Cashier.

## HEADQUARTERS FOR

## Staple & Fancy Groceries

All New and Fresh! My Prices are the Lowest. The Quality Best. Soft Drinks

D. R. Keeton

Main Street

## MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

OF CANNEL CITY, KENTUCKY

Capital, \$25,000  
Surplus, (Earned) 20,000  
Average Deposits, 100,000

## Authorized U S Depository.

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.  
M. L. CONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice-Pres.  
CUSTR JONES, Cashier.